

IT IS TOO LAUGH

Simplicity itself.
"There are only
two points in suc-
cess."
"What are they,
pray?"
"Work other
people and keep
them from work-
ing you."

A Lack of Control
Julia—Don't you
think he has won-
derful control over
his voice?
Beatrice—No, I
can't say I think
that. He sings
every time any-
one asks him to.

ALL NONSENSE.



Father—I don't believe that young Billings loves you as much as he says.
Daughter—But, pa, he writes such sensible love letters!
Father—Well, a true lover never did write sensible love letters.

ROUGH CRITICISM.



The Artist—This is a portrait I did of my fiancée, old man.
His Friend—And you say she still loves you.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.



"I suppose some day my hair will get gray, like—"
"Nonsense! Didn't the dealer warrant it not to fade?"

Usually Depends on the Woman.

"She's going to marry him, I guess," suggested the wise gossip as the couple went by.
"He doesn't expect it," returned the casual acquaintance.
"Oh, that's quite immaterial so long as she does," answered the wise gossip.

Judging From the Past.

Boy—How soon you and sis goin' to be married?
Accepted Suitor—She hasn't named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.
Boy—I know she doesn't, 'cause all her engagements have been short.

Bad Operation.

"Harding tells me he is suffering from an operation."
"I hadn't heard of it. Surgical, of course?"
"No, this was a financial operation. Hardy borrowed \$10 of him yesterday."

The Chip Off the Block.

"I can tell you one thing, Maria. If Johnny is like me he will have good staying qualities anyhow."
"He has them now, John. He'd stay in bed till noon every day if I'd let him."

The Savage Bachelor.

Miss Sweet—At least women live longer than men. That shows they lead better lives.
Mr. Bachelor—I don't know whether they live longer or not. I know they stay old longer.

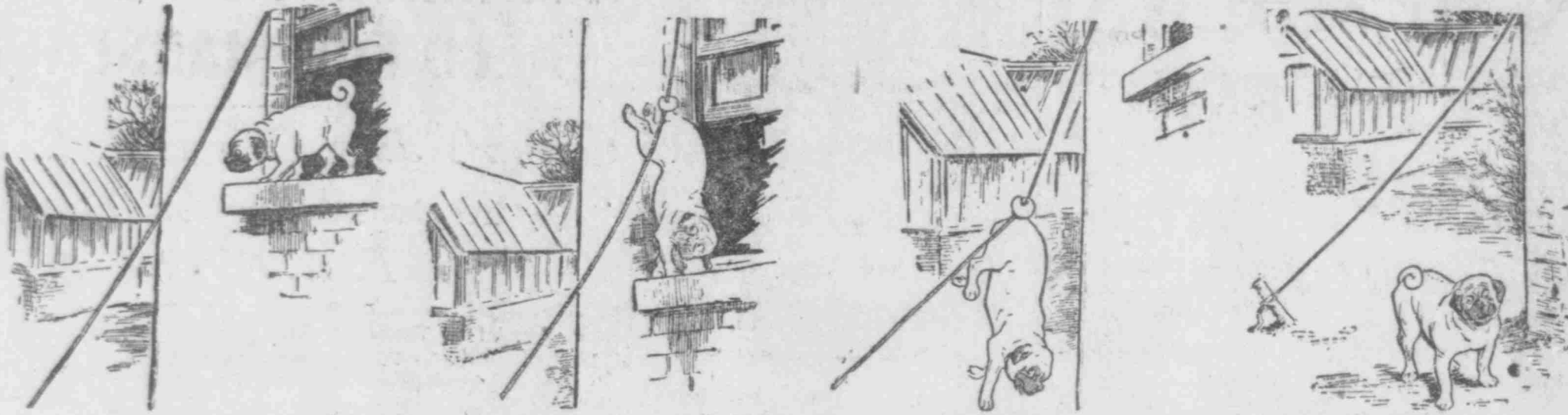
His One Commission.

"Does your artist friend have many commissions?"
"I believe he had one last year. His father-in-law asked him to paint the barn."

Her Fault.

Joe—So you're waiting upon Miss Slowboy lately?
Pete—Lately? I should say so. We never get anywhere on time.

THE PUG AND THE ROPE.



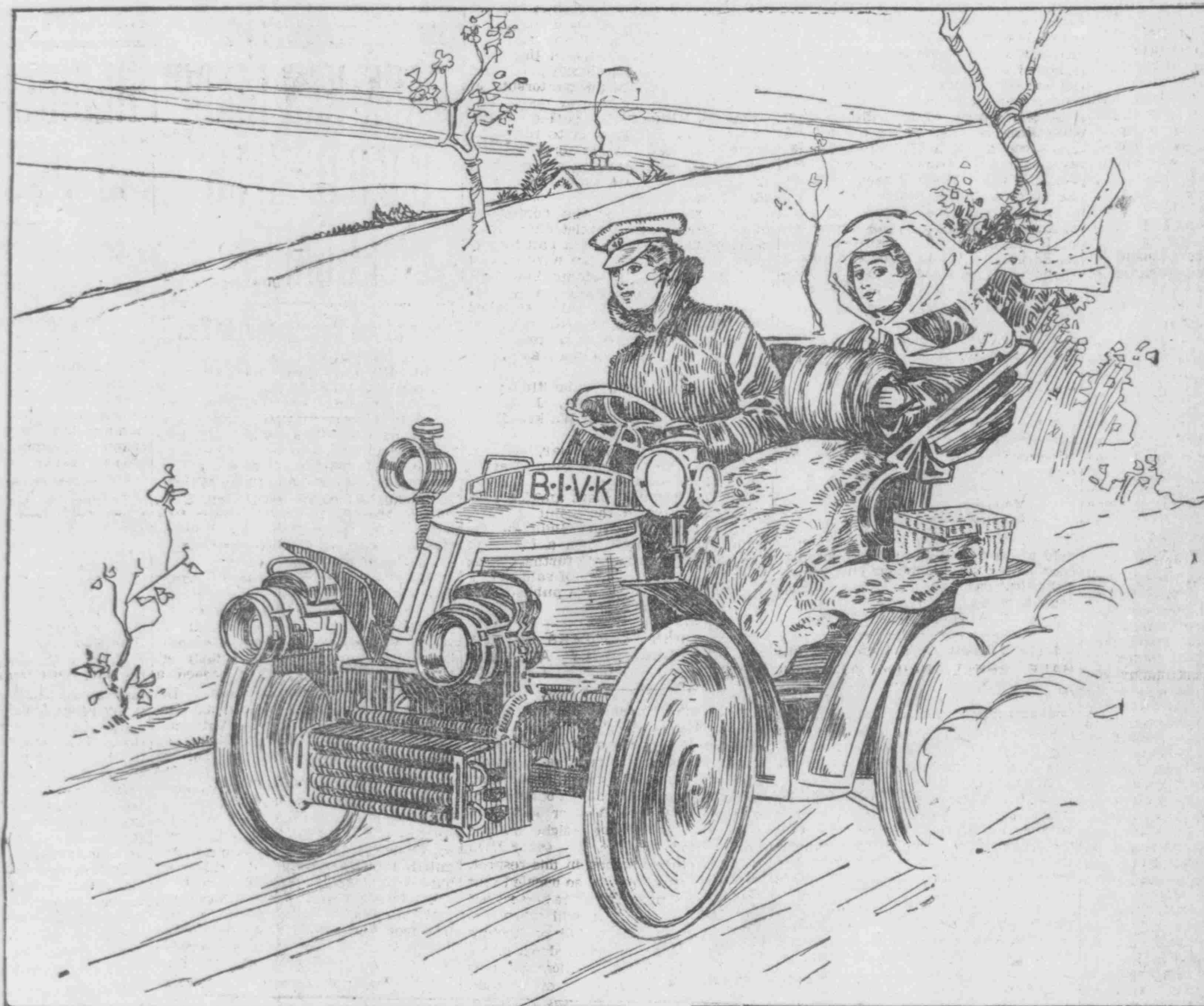
"Master says, 'Lock him up, and he won't get out.' We shall see."

"I tell you—"

"—it requires brains—"

"—to get ahead of this pug."

A NERVY MAN WANTED.



Virginia: "And why did you discharge your chauffeur?"

Beatrice: "He lost his nerve after running over two people the other day and allowed three others to escape."

One Kind.

"I believe I understood you," her aunt said, desiring to get at the facts in the case.
"To say that Grace married a man who is in the banking business?"
"Yes, he's banking on what her father is going to give them when he gets reconciled."

A Little Difference.

Lewis—What was the trouble between you and your wife?
Jenkins—Oh, only a little difference about some repairs to a hole in my trousers.
Lewis—And how did it come out?
Jenkins—Oh, it's all patched up now.

Admirable Self Restraint.

Teacher—Tommy, Tommy! It is very wrong for you to say such a thing about one of your young playmates.
Tommy—Thick-neck—Hub! That ain't half as bad as what I ain't sayin' about him.

Her Impression.

Grace—And he kissed you?
Ethel—Yes; twice, I think. But he's not a success at it. He gave me the impression that his experience in that direction was limited to kissing a girl's photograph.

Heavy Applause.

"What a strange animal, with such a flat tail! I wonder if it could be a beaver?"
"No, it is just an old toadstool. Some one dropped a flatiron on his tail while he was serenading."

In Hard Luck.

She—Do you remember that engagement ring you gave me before we were married, George?
He—I ought to. I got another bill for it today.

Put Out of Business.

Jones—Money makes the mare go.
Jenkins—Not so, my friend. The automobile has made the mare go.

MISS YOUNG AMERICA.



Mrs. Subbubs (to the little girl in the foreground)—Dolly, you're not listening to the piano playing a bit.
Dolly—Really, you must not worry me, mamma. I'm too busy. I'm receiving a proposal from a gentleman.

CHEERFUL TO THE LAST.



Mr. Froggie—Well, this is the first time I've ever been lifted by a crane!

WOMAN'S WAY.



Gladys—I hate him! When he passes I slam the door as hard as I can.
Her Father—Indeed!
Gladys—Yes, and when we meet I stamp my feet.
Her Father—You don't say! When are you going to be married?

WONDERFUL TACT.



"Mrs. Bingley is a wonderful woman."
"In what way?"
"When she takes the second prize at a card party she can appear so tickled with what she gets that she always makes the winner of the first prize jealous and dissatisfied."

The Egotist.

"He thinks he's popular, eh?"
"Does he? Why, whenever his name appears in the paper he fancies the public reads it this way: 'John [cheers] Henry [applause] Buggin [loud and continued cheering].'"

Her Answer.

"Oh, I want you to marry me, don't you know," said the exquisite to the plain girl.
"Oh, yes, I no," she responded and had to write it out for him so he could get the full force of her reply.

Only Reason.

Miss Gossip—Mrs. Spunge, your new neighbor, is such a cheerful lady! She would not borrow trouble.
Miss Gab—She would if she could cook or wear it.

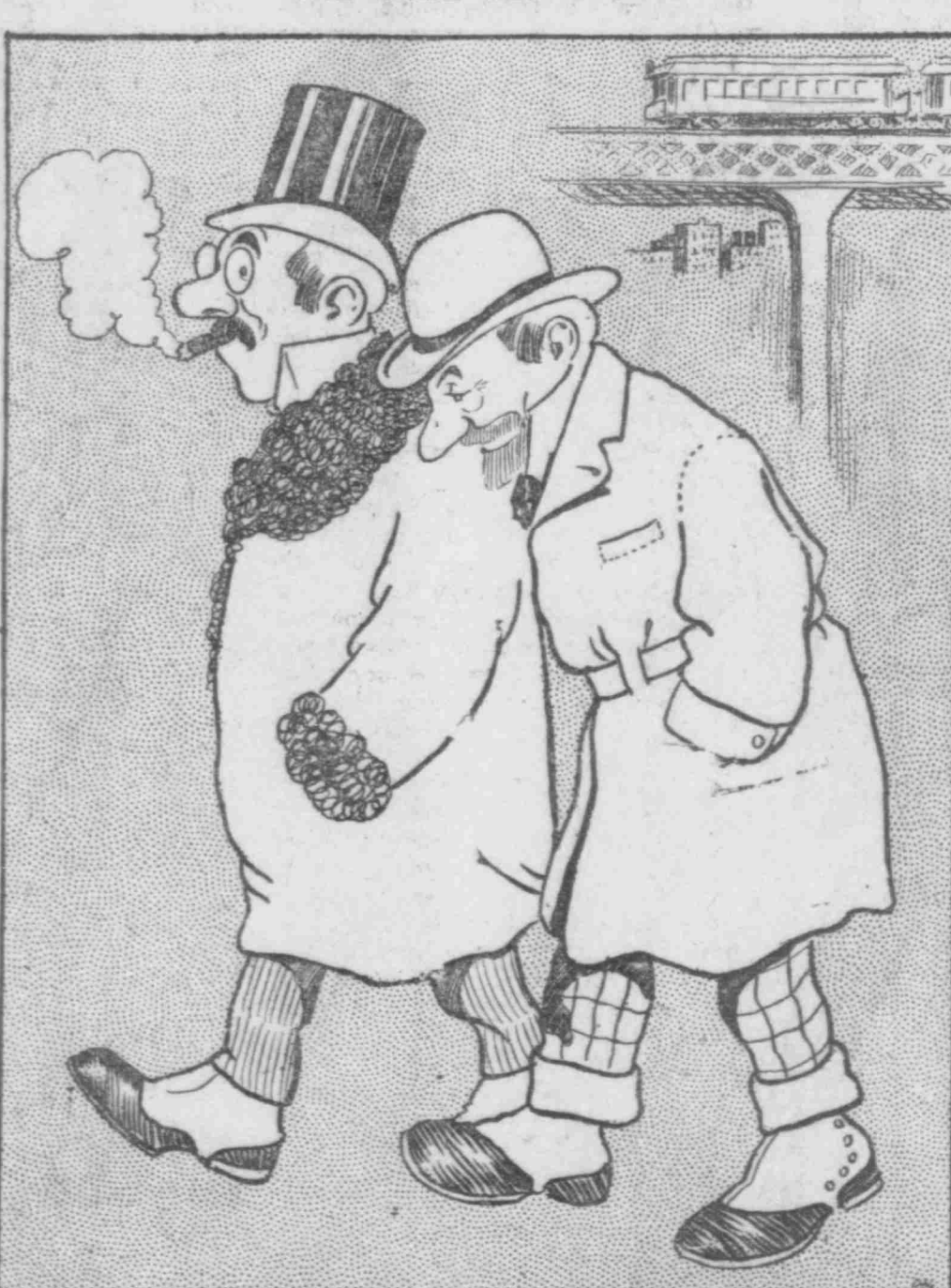
Guide to Wealth.

"The way to get rich is to save money."
"That is only half. After you have money you have to resist all the people who want to tell you how to spend it."

Not the Same Thing at All.

Jack—Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master?
Ethel—Not at all. She prefers one who thinks he is.

THE SAME OLD STORY.



"Do you expect to keep Lent, Jenkins?"
"Well, yes—that is, my wife will keep it, and we are one, you know."

A SPECULATIVE CUSS.
He was somewhat in doubt as he came to expire;
"The future looks bright, But it may be the fire."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.
I do not trust to luck, he said;
To thus accuse me is unjust.
I never can be thus misled;
I have no luck to which to trust.

Within Limits.

"Money is like blood," said the spendthrift nephew—"It isn't any good unless it is kept in circulation."
"Yes," answered the wise uncle, "but you shouldn't let either of them get away from you."

Expecting Too Much.

"Clara is so unsophisticated about music!"
"In what special way?"
"Oh, at an opera she thinks singers ought to sing so she can understand the words."

Sad, but True.

Tom—Cholly has just returned from a hunting trip. He says he shot the biggest bear on record.
Jack—That might be so. If it hadn't been a big one he would never have hit it.

As Usual.

"Has Old Spicer heard from his daughter since she eloped?"
"Oh, yes. The young couple telegraphed the next day that they were willing to come home and be forgiven."

Why Not?

"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"
"The dog."

HER CANDID OPINION.



Jack: "Do you believe a man should tell his wife about his business affairs?"
Beatrice: "Dear, no. It would only worry her. But when he's courting her it's all right for him to talk business."